LONDONS Resurrection,

Poetically represented,

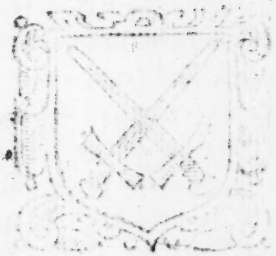
AND

HUMBLY PRESENTED

To His Most Sacred

MAJESTY.

LONDON, Printed by *A. M.* for *S A: GELLI-BRAND*, in St. *Paul's* Church-yard, 1669.



LONDON's Reſurrection, *&c.*

MY *Salamander-Muſe*, which newly ſprung
From *London*'s Fires, her *Mother-Furies* ſung;
Wreath'd with a *lambent Flame*; then view'd the waſte,
And in her Arms the dear *Remains* embrac'd,
A new Birth's pledg; and (laſtly) ſcourg'd the *Crimes*
Which mark'd with *London*'s *Brands* our diſmal Times:
Turn'd *Phœnix* now, claps her new-imped Wings,
And the New City's *Reſurrection* ſings.
Would *Orpheus* lend me his renowned *Lyre*,
Or brisk *Amphion*'s *Lute* my Song inſpire!
Their Airs (perhaps) might turn my *Verſe* to *Charm*,
And raiſe ſaln *London* without *Tool* or *Arm*.
My mighty Rhimes ſhould quickly (then) remove
Th' *Hercynian Foreſt*, and *Dodona*'s *Grove*.
From Climes remote, the cap'ring Trees ſhould meet
Within its Gates; and in each ruin'd Street
(*Squar'd* by a *Wiſh*) to ev'ry place aſſign'd
Diſpoſe themſelves after the Builder's mind.
This *Quill* ſhould dig down *Mountains*, and my Muſe
The liſt'ning *Marbles* from their Beds ſeduce.
Th' whole *Parian Quarrey* ſhould obey her calls,
And march a Voluntier to *London*'s *Walls*.

Yea, the glad *Maſon* ſhould ſit by, and play,
Whiles maſſy Rocks both *ſquare* themſelves, and *lay*.
But ſhe (poor Girl) ſuch high attempts diſclaims,
Content her *Power* give meaſure to her *Aims*.
Accept her kindneſs (though) in what ſhe's skill'd:
To *bleſs*, and *preſs*, is virtually to build.
Words link'd in Numbers, (though they be but *wind*)
Have help'd to do, what *Force* in vain deſign'd.
Who blows the Trumpet, though he ne're engage,
Governs the *Fight*, and *whets* the *Fighter's Rage*.
Permit (*Great Prince*) my *Swan-like Muſe* to ſing
Her *Farwel-Notes* under your ſacred Wing.
Poets, as *Cities*, hardly e're riſe *high*,
But under th' *Influence* of *Majeſty*.
London, and *I*, equal *Ambitions* have
By Your *ſole Aſpect* to ſurvive the *Grave*.
Nor let diſpleaſure ſeize *Your* Sacred Breaſt,
'Cauſe my Firſt Muſe to *meaner Names* addreſt.
Safe flights, as then, doubting her *Wing*, ſhe flew;
But meant thoſe lower Perches *Stairs* to *You*.
So the *young Bird*, before ſhe truſts the Skye,
From Twig to Twig, doth rather hop than flye.
Then, takes a *Neighbour-Tree*, till paſt her frights,
She feels her ſtrength, and dares the *greateſt heights*.
And, (though *Your Name* beſpangle all my Verſe,
Yet) whiles *Attendant* on ſo ſad an *Herſe*;
Too much like an *ill omen* 'twould have ſhown,
In *mourning Blacks* to have approach'd the *Throne*.

But

But now, ſith *London* ſpringing from her *Tomb*,
(Your *Royal Work*) my *Royal Theme*'s become:
Both by an equal Title are Your due,
As both *Her Founder*, and her *Poems* too.
You, when the *City* by deſponding *flight*
Yeelded the *Flames* an undiſputed Right;
Sounded th' *Alarm*, and by a freſh *Array*
Renew'd the *ONSET*, and reſtor'd the *Day*.
Your prudent *Acts*, confounded *Rights* decide,
And fix the *Bounds* to potent Neighbour's *Pride*.
Your Three-fold *League* all Foreign *Warrs* accords,
And We to *Spades* and *Tru'ls* reform our *Swords*.
Janus's Temple now is *triple-barr'd*;
Our *Drums* are ſilent whiles our *Laws* are heard.
Devotion Heav'ns, *Trade* Earth's Riches brings:
The *Plow-man whiſtles*, and my *Clio* ſings.
On, (*Royal Sir*) tile *Your* own *Bounties* o're,
And check our *baſhful Hopes* by doing *More*.
Our *Ruins* yet afford Your *Glories* ground
To *ſpread* themſelves, and make Your *Reign renown'd*.
Let *next Age* add, when they Your *Titles* ſing,
London's *Reſtorer*, to *Great Britain*'s *King*.
Till the *old Founder* more *obſcure* is grown,
Not as *out-dated* now, but as *out-done*.
And Thou, *Almighty Architect*, whoſe Call
From *Nothing*'s *Womb* produc'd this glorious *All*;
Which friendly *Atoms* in firm Nuptials ty'd,
Divorcing thoſe which native Jars divide;

Which

Which, from rude *Juſtles* in th' *unbounded ſpace*,
Marſhall'd each Being in its *proper place*:
Thou, whoſe Command we *Chriſtians* firmly truſt,
Shall *re-compoſe* us out of *crumbled Duſt*;
When *Limbs*, which vaſteſt Diſtances detain,
Shall travel till they *meet* and *hugg* again;
And mindful *Souls* ſhall once more *know*, and *wed*
Anew, thoſe very *Bodies* whence they *fled*:
Thy Suppliants hear. The Work we call thee to,
Not miſ-becomes *Omnipotence* to do.
Lo, here, a *City* to a *Chaos* turn'd,
Her Aſhes ſcatter'd, and her Bones in urn'd!
Bring a like Power to a like Deſign;
And *Reſurrection* with *Creation* twine.
Thus, while's on *London*'s Stage thou ſhalt preſent
Our *Faith* an *Inſtance*, *Hope* a *Preſident*:
Ev'n *Atheiſm* ſhall be diſprov'd by *Senſe*,
And bluſh to crave a farther Evidence.
Our *Creed*'s hard knots, *Example* ſhall diſſolve,
And what *may be*, by what *hath been*, reſolve.
Joy to my Muſe! Heav'n our Requeſts doth hear,
Our Prayers knock not at a bolted Ear.
Oft *hungry Hopes* with *ſlow Reliefs* are pin'd;
But we're twice anſwer'd both in *ſpeed* and *kind*.
Hark! Th' *Oracle* its ſacred Veil diſplays,
And [*London Riſe*] the potent Whiſper ſays.
Hail, Glorious Day; Maiſt thou be writ in Gold,
Which ſaw'ſt the *Scepter'd Hand* the *Truel* hold,

To

To lay that *Stone*, whence the *Exchange* became
Anew entitled to its *Royal Name*!
Henceforth, *proud Pillar*, to thy Readers view
Tell thine *own ſtory*, and thy *Founders* too.
Fruitful Example! From the *Royal hand*
Each Artiſt now takes *Pattern* and *Command*.
Hark, how the clatt'ring *Tools* confuſed ſound
Divides the Ear! The *Pick-axe* rends the ground
To load the *Spade*. Its Loads beſtow'd between
The ſifting *Ridder*, and the ſearching *Skreen*.
The *Saw* the *File*, the *Ax* the *Grindſtone* whets;
The knotty Tree this *hews*, the other *eats*.
The *Arm* the *Plane*, the *Maul* the *Chiſſel* drives.
Through heart of Oak the groaning *Auger* dives.
The glowing *Steel* the weighty *Sledges* ſtroke
Beats into Form; which quench't doth *hiſs* and *ſmoak*.
Room (next) for *Miracles*, profan'd by uſe;
The Iſſues of the fam'd *Vitruvian* Muſe.
And that *grave Architect's* whoſe ominous Hand
Drew *learned Lines* on *Syracuſan* Sand.
Whoſe dying Gore did the *choice Figures* drown,
And's dying weight in *their* Room ſtamp'd his *own*!
Here *twiſted Skrews*, whiles planted on the ground,
They *worm* themſelves through a like *wreathed Round*,
Prop tott'ring Roofs. *Verſatile Rundles* there,
By equal Helps their *fellows Burdens* bear,
Transferr'd by *claſping Ropes*; whence *greateſt weights*
By a *ſmall force* are wound to *greateſt heights*.

The

The *Balance-Engine* next, whose loaded End
The *tenth* part of its Burden makes t' ascend.
Nor is't less wondrous, that the vastest *Beams*,
On *Cylinders* supporting both Extreams,
Tough *Levers* roll; whiles every lifting Hand
One Interjection jointly doth command.
Thus goes the *Building* on. Confused grounds
Just *Verdicts* part; and (whiles they fix the bounds
To publique Streets by the *Imperious Line*)
Surveyors like unbounded *Sav'raigns* reign,
Each House clasps with its neighbour; and the *Square*
Each Front unto its fellow-wall doth *pair*.
And *Sister-Piles*, whiles thus they intermarry,
Like *Sister-Faces*, uniformly vary.
Lady Enchantress of the *ravisht Ear*,
Ne're did thy *Art* effect what *Chance* doth here!
Whiles building *Noises* by the pleased Mind
Are into all harmonious *Notes* combin'd,
Orpheus to us would grate, *Apollo* jarr:
Hammers and *Trowels* sweeter *Musick* are.
By this one *Spell* each melancholy breast
Is of its *Legion-Devil* dispossest.
And where yet falling *London*'s doleful *Knell*
Doth in retentive apprehensions dwell;
By *Sympathetick Cure* these joyful sounds
With *glad Idea's* heal the *Phansies* wounds.
The *Fields* are busie too. Bold *Miners* found
In paunched Hills a *London under ground*.

The

The Realm of *Silence*, and eternal *Night*,
Is ſtartled at th' approach of *Noiſe* and *Light*.
Twin-ſtones long claſped in their *Mother-bed*,
Now ſever'd, yeeld with Foreign Rocks to wed.
Each poliſht *Marble* to a *Mirour* grows,
Mocks its own Work-man, and *retorts* his blows.
Here, the *green Robe* pull'd off, the unbowel'd ground
Affords a *Clay*, which with *chopp'd ſtubble* bound
Firſt, the *Sun* faſtens; then the brittle *Cakes*
The rapid *Furnace* to juſt hardneſs *bakes*:
An hardneſs that out-ſtands the fierceſt ſhow'rs
Which Heaven from its open'd ſluces pow'rs;
Which *Winter-Froſts* can't *mellow*; and the *Flame*
It ſelf that did beget it, cannot *tame*.
Scarce *Flint* or *Marble* laſts ſo long in prime:
This *brittle Stone* grind's out the teeth of *Time*.
With this th' *Immortal Queen* built *Babels Spires*,
And with *burnt Walls* beguiled *future Fires*
There, the *Woods* Glories fall, and where the *Eye*
Of *Heav'n* ſcarce pierc'd, now *mortal ſight* doth pry.
The *Shades* by *Horror* hallow'd, th' early dawn
Admitted, doth *illuſtrate* and *profane*.
The rev'rend *Oaks* preſumptuous *Axes* wound,
Meas'ring their *lengths* upon the furrow'd ground.
While ratling *Echo*, (as great Talkers do)
Reports at diſtance every blow for two.
The *Ring-Dove* ſees her lofty Neſt o'rethrown,
And *Turtles* that their Love's bewrayed, moan:

The *Magpy* ſcolds whiles her *arch'd Roof* doth fall;
And ſharking *Rooks*, their *Camp* diſlodged, *brawl*;
The *Hare* forſakes her *Form*; the rowzed *Deer*
Their branch'd heads now above their Thickets rear;
And all the *Game* tall Foreſts us'd to ſhield,
Becomes a facile *prey* in th' open field.
The *Trav'ler* too, who ſetting forth, deſign'd
The *crowned Hills*, as *certain Guides*, to mind;
At his Return, admires the *ſhave* [illegible] *Coaſt*,
And finds his *way*, with his *Directors*, loſt.
Yea, *Foreign Realms* contribute, *Spain* brings *Steel*,
Libanus Cedar ſends, and *Denmark Deal*:
A *chequer'd* Gift the Sun-burnt *India* gives,
Whence th' *whiteſt Tooth*, and *blackeſt Wood* arrives:
Our *Ireland Oak*, on which no *ſpider* builds,
(*Arachne* ſure hang'd on that Timber) yields.
Marbles come vary'd by their *native grains*.
This, *untrod Snow* with purer *brightneſs* ſtains:
That's pitchy black, a lump of *ſolid Night*:
There, *bloody Veins* creep through a *lovely White*:
Some in its *ſpeckled* Face, heav'ns pourtrait bears,
An *azure skie* beſpangled o're with *Stars*:
And ſome, (on which *Meduſa's Head* did fall),
Wherein her *Snakes* ſeem ſtill to *hiſs* and *crawl*.
Nay, (would you think't? or Fame, my Author lies)
London by th' Great in *forreign Lands* doth riſe.
Whiles the *Dutch Artiſt* takes his Module hence.
And ſends us *Houſes ready-fram'd* from thence,

The

The *laden Sea* foams, and the *tugged Oar*
Plies hard to towe a *floating Town* to ſhore.
And th' *Eaſtern Wind* (now a *Repairer* grown),
Blows up our buildings as it *fir'd* them *down*.
Whence, (*ſound's* the *Moral* oft, when *Tales* are *lame*)
Some doubt *New London* may prove *Amſterdam*.
Nor think it ſtrange, *Cities* ſhould *croſs* the *Seas*.
Wee *Poets* can do feats as great as theſe.
Wee, when the Whole *combined Earth* beſide
Unto a *lab'ring Goddeſs* Room deny'd;
Did float a *Delos* to her, and aſſign
A brace of Gods, a *Birth-place* and a *Shrine*.
From *Naz'reth* to *Loretto*, (quick as thought)
Our Tribe the *Virgin Mothers Chamber* brought:
Whence *Pilgrim-Votaries*, (and well they may)
To th' *wandring Temple* like Devotions pay.
Rowz'd with th' unwonted Noiſes, from his Bed,
The *Royal Thames* advanc'd his *ſindged Head*.
At firſt amaz'd, (for ſtill his troubled breaſt
With the late diſmal Horrors was poſſeſt)
He wildly ſtar'd around the ſcorched ſhore:
But when he ſaw it neatly clothed o're
With *riſing Structures*; raviſh'd with delight,
He gorg'd his Eyes with the ſurpriſing ſight:
And thus he ſpake: 'O what *Cœleſtial Powers*
'(For nothing leſs could) did erect theſe Towers?
'*Old Troy*, two *hired Gods* did raiſe, 'tis ſaid, (paid.
'And, though they wrought *by th' Great*, by *halves* were

'The *Virgin-Goddess* built th' *Athenian Town*,
'And planted there the *Olive*, and the *Gown*.
'But such Romantick Tales will better be
'(*London*) in time, told and believ'd of *Thee*.
'Not jolly *Thebes* it self, to whose advance
'The merry Stones into the Walls did dance;
'Nor *Dido's Town*, in after-times too wide
'To be thought once *encircled* with an *Hide*;
'Nor *Rome*, (of old and still, the Scene of wonders)
'Whose *Vatican Tarpejan* Jove out-thunders;
'Nor She, that long hath *both Romes Rival* been,
'For Beauty, Empire, and the Man of Sin,
'Which (from her *seven Hills* too) once Sov'raigns gave
'To *half* the World, but now the *whole* doth crave;
'Nor dirty *Paris*, where the muddy *Seine*
'Swells big with Envy at the Christal *Rhene*;
'Nor *Venice*, round which th' *Adriatick* roars,
'And limns her Beauties to th' encircling shores;
'Nor *Stately Florence*, (though their Proverb says,
'She's a sight only fit for Holy-days)
'Through which the rapid *Arnus* posting, stays,
'And from both Banks doth on her Glories gaze;
'Nor mighty *Millain*, with *immortals bread*
'In former Times by sweet-tongu'd *Ambrose* fed;
'Nor royal *Naples*, which two mischiefs tire,
'The Spanish *Vapours*, and *Vesuvian Fire*;
'Shall dare appear in a contest with Thee:
'But like *mean Shrubs* to *lofty Oaks* shall be.

'Let

'Let each fair *Nymph* exhauſt her native Spring,
'And *Royal Ayds* to our *Exchequer* bring:
'With freſh ſupplies fill up my empty ſhores,
'Cloath every flat, and lift the grounded Oars.
'See, all the River's overſpread with Sails,
'And the rude Barge-man jointly *tugs* and *rails*.
'Here, milk-white Chalk, from the unbowel'd hills
'Transform'd to Lime, the ſluggiſh Lighters fills.
'There, th'eaſie-wrought Free-ſtone in weſtern Boats
'Down my obſequious Current ſmoothly floats.
'This *Oxford* ſends, (the Mother of its Pride)
'To all its noble Palaces ally'd,
'To *Wolſey's* vaſt and *Bodley's* lofty Stories,
'And (the great *Prelate-Founders* mounting Glories,
'To which ev'n *Roman Grandeur* muſt defer
'The Sov'raignty of Art) its *Theater*.
'And thee, (*ſmall Iſland*, to the *Dorſet-ſtrand*
'Stuck, like a *Glaſs-drop*, with a Tongue of ſand)
'We'l waft to *Pauls*, until again it be
'A taller Mark at *Land*, than thou at *Sea*.
'See! All my ſhores, one *Timber-wharf* are grown.
'And whole Woods ev'ry where on Heaps are thrown.
'My very Banks are peel'd. The Fiſh bewray'd
'In vain ſeek Covert from their plundred ſhade.
'Few *whiſpiring Trees* diſcourſe my *purling ſtreams*;
'Or *daple* them with *percolated Beams*.
'Yet on, *kind Axe*; no Vegetable ſpare;
'Rifle the *Woods*, and *poll* the *Mountains* bare.

'This *Waſte* is *Merit*; May but *London* riſe,
'We'l *chide* in *Thanks*, and count our *Loſſes Prize*.
Thus was He ſaying, when the Sailers ſhout
(The Timber-Fleet arriving) put him out.
The *Cannons* Thundred, and from under ground
The *grateful Ruins* did the Joy rebound:
Th' *applauding Flood* repli'd: and the *grave Sire*
Did, highly-pleas'd, to's *moſſy Couch* retire.
Mean while, the Streets are fill'd with buſie throngs.
Tis doubtful, which ſound loudeſt, *Tools* or *Tongues*.
Some *pray*, ſome *pay*; ſome *work*, and ſome *adviſe*:
Some uſe their *Hands*, ſome rule thoſe *Hands* with *Eyes*.
Thus, haſt'ned *Buildings* th' *Owners vote* outgrow,
And to their *Speed* our very *Hopes* are *ſlow*.
So, the *new Hive* the *active Swarm* divides.
Some, with their Teeth file the uneven ſides;
Some clear the Rubbiſh; others, by the Line
Here, a *Whitehall*, a *Cheapſide* there, aſſign.
The *humming Troop* ſurveys the fragrant fields,
And from each Flow'r a *gummy Birdlime* peels:
Others, with joy receive their welcome load;
Which with *warm breath* bedew'd, they ſpread abroad;
Then, with ſmooth *Tongues* they lick th' obſequious maſs
Into a *Form* which *Reaſons Art* doth paſs.
Thus, when th' *induſtrious Ants* deſign to dwell
In an old Oak, or Moles forſaken Cell,
The Field with *little Myrmidons* is ſown;
And each *clod crawls* around the riſing Town.

Here,

Here, ſtrict *Surveyors* walk the deſtin'd round;
There, *Pioneers* level th' uneven Ground;
Whiles (like a routed Troop with *ſhatter'd Spears*)
Advanced *Straws* a ſcatter'd Squadron beats;
Which, cropp'd to fitting lengths, their fellows match,
And ſome for *Rafters*, ſome they lay for *Thatch*.
Their *Shoulders* ſome, ſome contribute their *Skill*,
Till to a *Cone* they mount the hollow Hill;
Whoſe chequer'd Fabrick, mixt of cloſe and wide,
Admits the *Wind*, but turns the *Shower* beſide.
On, gallant *Londoners*. Husband your Fate,
And clothe your Ruins with a Robe of State.
Prove *Death* the nobler *Life*: and ſtamp't a Truth,
Nature may circulate through *Age* to *Youth*.
Till they, who by the *Old*, *New London* Size,
Confeſs their *Thoughts* confuted by their *Eyes*:
As old Acquaintance, when mens Fortunes mend,
Find him a *Courtier* whom they left a *Friend*.
Till *Citizens* themſelves, returned, *ſtray*
In the new-modul'd Streets, and *loſe* their *way*:
Yea, *London*, whiles 'mong *Stars* ſhe ſows her *Spires*,
No leſs her *ſelf*, then *others Her*, admires.
Thus, when the *Gauls* old *Rome* in Aſhes laid,
And *Jove* himſelf in a falſe *Balance* weigh'd:
The *valiant Exile* built the City new,
And with her *walls* advanc'd her *Glories* too.
Whence ſhe, that till then, (for ſo long a while)
Retain'd the Reliques of her *baſe Aſyle*;

Whoſe

Whose *Shepherds sheds* with *sorry Temples* blended,
Reproach'd the *meanness* whence she was *descended*
Whose each prime street some *Hovell* did avow,
VVhence a *Dictator* drove his *Teem* to plow;
VVhose *wooden Gods* by their own Altars flame
Themselves (well-nigh) a *Sacrifice* became;
VVhere *Numa*'s Chappel had a Roof of Thatch,
And *Vesta*'s Nuns her Harth with fear did watch:
Made then an *youthful Valley* from her Grave,
And nought but *wrinkles* unto Death she gave.
Yea, (thanks to th' *Gallick Conflagration*) grew
More *rich* in after-times, and *splendid* too.
Mud-walls gave place to *Marbles*, and (compar'd)
Her golden Tops the Neighbour-Stars out-glar'd,
That by meer *Beauties* Right, she might have been
VVithout a Rival, th' *Universes Queen*.
May *London* copy all her Glories out:
Rise as *Magnificent*, nor less *devout*:
Religion, best, Cities foundations layes:
Be *Rome* therein her *Pattern*, as my *Praise*.
There, (not content, the cheap and sordid way,
In *private Corners* sacred Rites to pay)
As fast their *Temples* as their *Homes* they built,
And as themselves, their gods in *Cedar* dwelt,
Yea, statelier too. The *Thund'rer* cas'd in gold,
(Lately his Ransome) held his rescu'd hold.
Bright *Phœbus*'s *gilt* beams out-glar'd his *own*,
And in *white* Metal *Silver-Phœbe* shone.

Now

Now Marble Walls did *Veſta*'s fires ſurround:
And *Ears* of richeſt yellow *Ceres* crown'd.
Old *Saturn* Sent'nell ſate on golden Bars,
Queen *Juno*'s Roof, like Heav'n, was ciel'd with Stars.
Snakes ſcal'd with Pearl the *Virgin-Champion* bare,
And *Venus* was as fine as ſhe was fair.
Luſter and Horror *Mars*'s Arms combin'd,
And old *Quirinus* like his City ſhin'd.
Convinc'd, a ſecond Fire they well might fear,
If their *Shops* ſtatelier than their *Altars* were.
Yea, *Memphis*-ſelf claims in my Song a place.
Glorious her Temples, though her Gods were baſe.
Here, *Ibis* veſted in a Room of State:
And there, inthron'd, an *ugly Monkey* ſate:
In richeſt Shrines the hallow'd *Bull* did bellow;
From like Roofs anſwer'd by his Female Fellow.
And ſhall not We a nobler Zeal expreſs?
Sith more our *Light*, why ſhould our *Love* be leſs?
Shame on our baſeneſs if thoſe *Dunghil-gods*
With great *Jehovah* vye and have the *odds!*
If *Curr-Anubis* Heaven's Lord excell;
And the *true Thund'rer* more obſcurely dwell!
Say not, th' *Eternal Mind* delights to come
Into the *pure Heart*, not the *Gaudy Room.*
That th' *Who*, in Worſhip, ſanctifie the *Where*:
And make a *Barn*, or *Booth*, an *Houſe* of Prayer.
Thus *Satan* in a *Samuel*'s *Mantle* ſneaks,
Whiles *Avarice* Religious Language ſpeaks!

But Wranglers, learn, He will in *both* reſide,
Who (equally remov'd from *Need* and *Pride*)
Expects the *beſt*, ſcorns not the *meaneſt* Treat;
Val'uing in both the *Welcome*, not the *Meat*;
Gifts by the *Mind*, the *Mind* by *them* he weighs;
And as men give, by a like ſcale repays.
Ill Parſimony Purity pretends:
Nor is the worſhip *Pure*, where *foul* the Ends.
At leaſt with thee, *brave City*, in whoſe frame
Both *Art* and *Coſt* equally court a name,
Let *Int'reſt* ſway; lay not a train of *Guilt*,
Once more to *blow up* what thy *Wealth* hath *built*.
'Tis an affront too daring to be born,
When th'object of our *Worſhip* grows our *Scorn*.
Who *ſhames*, *diſclaims* his God; whiles (meanly plac'd)
His Houſe is by its Neighbouring Pomp diſgrac'd.
Our *Fathers* (ſure) were of a nobler ſtrain,
VVhoſe Times we treat 'twixt *Pity* and *Diſdain*.
Their *Twilight-Zeal* rais'd us the *Churches*, where
Thoſe *Lights* have ſhin'd that made our *Day* ſo clear.
O let's not tempt Poſterity to call
Thoſe the *worſe Chriſtians* that let 'em fall!
And (ſith *Church-founding*'s now my Muſes Aim)
Thou *Rev'rend Pauls* her firſt Eſſay maiſt claim.
VVhether the *Royal Charles* in Thee deſign
To crown the Glories of his Princely Line;
Or ſome Succeſſor, *Maurice*, in thy ſeat,
Rival thy Honours with a mind as great;

Or

Or grateful Piety thy *Sons* engage
VVith thy *Revennes* to reſtore thine Age;
Or *private Breaſts* a glorious zeal inſpire;
Or *publique work* a *publick Purſe* require;
Or *all* theſe *helps* be neeeful: Pity 'twere
Thy ſacred walls alone ſhould want Repair.
And whiles they overlook all round 'em new,
Threaten the City and *reproach* it too.
True, 'tis a work of Ages, and *our Days*
May well deſpair to graſp ſo *vaſt* a *Praiſe:*
But yet we may *begin*, and part the glory
Betwixt *our own*, and *our Deſcendants* ſtory,
The *ancient'ſt Chriſtian Monument* we have
To have redeemed from its fatal Grave.
You, whoſe full Cheſts with ſmother'd Gold are (cram'd,
At once to *Ruſt* and *ſecond darkneſs* damn'd:
Reſcue your *Treaſure* from your *Heirs Exceſs.*
A *Part* thus ſpent will the *Remainder* bleſs.
Or would you *propagate* your VVealth by *Uſe?*
Cajole the Law, and *Cent* per *Cent* produce?
Truſt Him that's moſt Reſponſible, and add
(Beſides the *Gain*) a *Credit* to your Trade?
No *Uſury* like this you can deviſe,
VVhere *God's* the *Debtor*, *Heav'n* at *Mortgage* lies.
And you, whoſe *Riches* moſt in *Wiſhes* are,
(The *Poets* Tribe) aſſiſt with *Verſe* and *Pray'r.*
Old Bards did thus build Cities, Churches We;
Though better Founders, *Pauls*, we wiſh to Thee:

Until (great *Doctor* of the *Gentiles*) thine
Become the Envy of the *Fiſhers ſhrine*.
*Mean while, *calm Winter* thanks, young *Londons* friend,
Ne're was the Sky to better purpoſe kind.
How Divine Favour rocks the *Storms* to *Reſt*,
To give her ſpace to build her *Halcion-Neſt!*
Whiles *February* laughs that us'd to mourn,
And *galloping Spring* out-poſt's the *Suns Return*.
Whiles no *hard Froſts* lock up the *coſtive* ground,
Nor *ſnowy Fleeces* ſever'd Rights confound,
Nor *Icy-drops* the Truel double-glaze,
Nor the *cold ferment* lodged Bricks doth raiſe,
Nor *haſty rains* with an impetuous Daſh
Into a bog the *mellow buildings* quaſh.
Hail, *Heav'ns* great *Fav'rite-City!* For thy ends,
The *Courſe* of *Things* and *Law of Nature* bends:
El'ments commute, and the *inverted year*
Her *Summer-Months* on *Winter* doth confer.
What glorious Fabricks may we (then) expect
The *Vernal Sun* advanced ſhall erect!
When the unequal *Ram* with equal Rage
The chafed *Bull* in Combat ſhall engage:
When from the *Martial Twins* the fiery Carr
Retreats into the *retrogreſſive Starr*:
When *Nemea*'s Lion roars, and a cold ſweat
Bathes the *ſcar'd maid* amidſt her flagrant Heat:
If the *decrepit year* ſuch *Iſſues* ſhew,
And *London* thus under *dull Planets* grow.

*These Verſes and divers that follow are to be referred to the time when the Latin Poem (of which this is a Verſion) was written, *viz.* Feb. 1667. when the Winter was remarkably dry and calm.

Then,

Then, ſure, (as when the Earth hath quaffed up
Joves Tankard-bearers overflowing Cup,
And tepid *Zephyr* thawing Winters cold
Makes *ſprouting Trees* their *cloſed Buds* unfold;
While the returning *Sap* with wanton heat
Swelling *each Bud*, new *Bloſſoms* each beget:)
Thy *Ruins* ſhall prove *Vegetable* too:
And thy ſcorch't *Stump* to a *new City* grow.
Whoſe adverſe Fronts at equidiſtant ſpace,
As Lines drawn Parallel, their Fellows face.
Each noble Street *detaining* with delight,
While it gives *Paſſage* to th' admiring ſight:
Till intercepted by no Envious bound,
It find it ſelf in Heav'ns vaſt Ocean drown'd.
Thus, while the *Quincunx* curious Orchards throws
Into a thouſand ſubdivided rows;
Its ſeveral *Walks* are *loop'd* to th' *Hemiſphere*,
And each *end-twig* not *Fruit* but *Stars* doth bear.
And where *Commerce* in *crowded Throngs* was pent,
Or *Fires* coop'd up had rag'd for want of *vent*:
Where *obſcure Lanes* obſcurer Facts did hide:
And *Peſts* by being ſtraitned, ſpread more wide:
Traffique in ſpacious Streets ſhall now be free,
And *Flames* ſoon *ſpent*, or ſoon *ſuppreſt* ſhall be.
Day's Eye each where ſhall *skulking Sinners* trace,
And *tranſient Air* infectious ſteams ſhall chaſe.
Yea, (though *Front-buildings* ſhall be *backward* thruſt,
T' enlage each Paſſage to dimenſions juſt)

London, thou shalt not *less* by *lessening* grow;
Whiles each House gains *above* what's lost *below*,
Its breadth *squeez'd* into *Height*; and from the *skies*
Stealing the room the cramped *Ground* denies,
Thus thy own *Thames* both robs and makes amends:
VVhiles it *pays* this shore what from that it *rends*.
Happp thy *Poet*, if his friendly Fates
Spare him to *see* what he *prognosticates!*
No mean content would such a prospect bring
Unto his *Autumn* to behold thy *Spring*.
Nor will his *Muse* (born for thy service) pine,
If, thy Turn's serv'd, her stock of wit decline.
On *other Themes* to *flag* less must her grieve,
Secure enough by thy *sole Name* to *live*.
And you (*Great Sir*) who toil'd in vain to save
A *dying London* from her dismal Grave:
Shall less repent your unsuccessful pain,
VVhen, worthy you, by you, she lives again.
Yea, after-times, that mourning read her *Fall*;
VVith equal Joy shall read her *Rise* withall.
And all her *past misfortunes* from your story
Shall be expung'd by her *succeeding Glory*.
VVhence she (*August a hight* in days of *Eald*
Though much beyond her *State* her *Title* swell'd)
By this improvement, with a fairer claim
Into her *own* shall *graft your greater Name*.
Yea, could she *now* state on a just account,
How much her *Gain* her *Loss* shall *then* surmount:
'Tis thought, she'd *thank* her *Flames*, and count it *Prize*,
Ev'n *so* to *die*, that *so* she might *arise*.

FINIS.

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